

## Iron Man

This title, no doubt, will make you speak out,  
And say, "How can such a man be?"

But when I explain how I got the name,  
You'll know why he's Iron Man to me.

The days of my youth were spent finding the truth,  
And the Iron Man helped show the way.  
When the going got tough his voice was enough  
To put sunshine back in my day.

I can still see him now standing over a plow  
That will soon be returned to the land.  
He's wreathed in smoke that lifts from the coke.  
With a hammer in a huge right hand.

The sparks used to fly like stars in the sky.  
When the iron was shaped to his will  
The anvils song was clear and strong,  
And echoed around in the hills.

The horse never trod that couldn't be shod,

And this I want you to know.

The meanness of all would stand straight and tall,  
When the Iron man spoke soft and low.

Now God isn't blind, and often we find,  
For His work He will choose someone strong.  
In answer to prayer the Iron man was there  
To help carry the Gospel along.

He often fixed hearts that were broken apart,  
Each trouble was one of his own.

He joined for life those he made man and wife  
And he eulogized those who were gone.

When heaven's own gate isn't swinging quite straight  
And the golden plows stop turning sod.  
The saints will know where to go for repair,  
And the Iron man will go home to God.

My memory is dim, but I won't forget him,  
For his sweat often mixed with my tears.  
Though now I am grown and out on my own,  
He inspires me all through the years.

So the Ironman you see, is a wonder to me,  
And he's given me all that he's had.  
He gave me his name, to keep free from shame,  
For the Ironman is also my Dad.

A tribute to Nephi Moulton by Joseph J. Moulton  
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I was at the funeral of a friend and I listened  
to all the good words that was said about  
him. But he couldn't hear them for he was dead.  
I decided if you love someone and want to say  
good things about him you should say it  
while they can hear them.

I went home from the funeral and wrote  
"Ironman" in tribute to my father while he  
was still alive. He had no doubt how I felt  
about him and he took this knowledge to his grave  
"For" Moulton  
Son of Nephi